

Hotsp. My liege, I did denie no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home,
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twist his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and took away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in suffice, and still he smild and talkt:
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a sloently vnhandsome coarfe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie:
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes,
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pelted with a Poppingay,
Out of my grieve and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad.
To see him shine so briske, and smelt so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes,
And telling me, the soueraignest thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pitie, so it was,
This villanous salpeeter, should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed:
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.
This bald vniointed chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accusation
Betwixt my loue and your high maiestie.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
What e're *Harry Percy* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnlay it now.
King. Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who on my soule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight
Against that great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately married; shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason: and indent with feares
When they haue lost and forfeited themselues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him starue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransom home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne liege,
But by the chance of war: to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns siedgie banke,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

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Ran.